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To Laurence Hutton

"Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis."—*Catullus*.

We watched the faces in this autumn weather,
That came again,
We sought along the shady paths together,
For one in vain.

We missed him : he is gone with all the others,
Where day is dim ;
Return, oh ye that dwell with him, his brothers,
Our thanks to him !

Thanks for the goodly lesson which he taught us :
When life shall end,
We too shall find the best of all it brought us—
Like him—a friend.

Love toward the stronger brother from the weaker :
That was his due,
For he indeed was one of us, a seeker,—
He also knew.

And we still seek where shadows all encumber,
But he has found ;
And now he sleeps, and that is pleasant slumber
Beneath the ground.

Ames Brooks.

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Loyalty

THE MACLEAN PRIZE ORATION

THE first commanding call to a career of public usefulness comes from a man's own conscience and is voiced by that innate patriotic loyalty which is the universal heritage of the race. What the nature of loyalty as an impelling force may be, or what the secret of its operation, we do not pretend to know and will not discuss; we do know with sufficient certitude that some men's lives are actuated and governed by loyalty: that a few of the finest spirits of every age are possessed by it;—that it has become a passion with them and that apart from obedience to its every mandate there is for them no joy, no enthusiasm, no content in life or service.

Fleeting glimpses of this spirit of loyalty have been afforded us, and clothing the conception of faithful service that our minds, not yet disillusionized, have formed therefrom, we find a certain glamor, an appealing beauty, a dim cathedral splendor. Ideals, we call these visions. The poet, with his clearer insight, discerns a more lofty vision. His ear, more finely attuned, catches the message of the Merlin voices of the numberless dead who have loyally followed the gleam and who call back to us before they pass beyond the veil,

“O Young Mariner
Down to the haven
Call your companions
And launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas
And ere it vanishes
Over the margin
After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam.”

That call, we repeat, appeals to the individual consciousness, and we will do well to heed it, for if our study of

history, the world's record of failure or achievement, has determined anything, it has taught us the value of individual loyalty as a prop of government-in-the-making: And good government, in a sense, is ever in the making, keeping pace with the progress of the governed.

In all ages, mere handfuls of men possessing this quality have re-established and ensured the stability of nations of which they themselves were but an inconsiderable part. In Jewish History the three hundred under Gideon were chosen on this ground to withstand the Midianites; in Grecian history the band of Spartans, to oppose the hosts of Xerxes. Ten centuries later, Europe depended upon Carl Martel and his followers to hurl back the hordes of Moslem, and save her occidental civilization another time. The lion of Lucerne, that noble monument by Thorwaldsen in the bosom of the everlasting hills, commemorates the brave deeds of the Swiss guard,—mercenaries, you will remember, and not sons of the soil fired by purely patriotic feelings. What was it nerved their hearts and arms? Not love of country—they were aliens. Perhaps they also fought for a fantasy or trick of fame! We choose to believe that it was loyalty to a cause, even unto death, that inspired these men; they died, but their blood stained the Bourbon lilies, now lying beneath their feet: not death, but victory came first; then came Death to crown it! Here was loyalty pitted against truly fearful odds, and who will say that the Swiss Guard died in vain?

In the two great crises in the history of this country, its birth one hundred and twenty-five or thirty years ago and its integration in the early sixties, loyalty played a splendid part on many a ship and battlefield. But that was a loyalty born of a love of traditional rights and cherished liberties, a love of things "far brought from out the storied past," contained in Magna Charta and Bills of Rights, and guaranteed by Constitution and the common law.

Let us distinguish now, as we note these phenomena, between war-time loyalty which is commonly considered the only evidence of patriotism, and what we will call peace-time loyalty, which is scarcely considered at all. In connection with this distinction the mistake is made too frequently that men should hold themselves in readiness to restore law and order when these have been dethroned or even threatened. The proper understanding, we believe, should be that whenever continual, perpetual loyalty to law and order cannot any longer assure national stability, —or when forces at work undermining the social structure cannot be counteracted or destroyed by the pursuance of peaceful methods, then it is high time, and only then is it a laudable thing to resort to arms. Such a contingency may arise in spite of precaution. It is an acceptable truism that the higher the governmental structure is reared, not only the greater would be the fall, if fall it should, but the more difficult would be the task of preserving its equilibrium in case of shock. And shocks will come. We must not expect that a People numbering 80,000,000, scattered over a vast territory, representing varied interests, a People, constantly being swelled by the overflow, and to a large extent, by the detritus of twenty-five immigrant nations, will be immune from internal shock. It is generally admitted that the mixture of races is largely artificial. In all our great cities, and not alone in the Eastern centres, there are exclusive colonies of Italians, Slavs, Irish, Poles and Hebrews and these incoherent elements, create and crowd, hundreds of thousands strong, the wretched slums whose existence, because of their impurity, we sincerely deprecate: that is as far as most people get. If we would only think of it from this viewpoint,—to every living soul the same priceless guarantee is extended, and so lightly as not to be appreciated. Granting that this guarantee, "life, liberty and the pursuit of happi-

ness" embodies the American idea of a democracy, and keeping in mind Mr. Sumner's judgment that the supreme result of modern society is to guarantee to every man the use of all his powers exclusively for his own benefit, the question arises in our minds, already perplexed, does this "horrible mixture of races" as a French writer terms it,—the native born to the manner born, the native born of alien parentage, born to they know not what, and the foreign born, many of them to tyrannous monarchical rule,—does this mixture constitute the raw material of a democracy? Does the process of assimilation keep pace with the ever increasing immigration? Again, what will be the 'supreme result,' when these several elements have labored exclusively for their own benefit? Will the net result, as the summation progresses, show a balance to the country's credit that will redound to the general welfare? The present national prosperity would seem to answer that last question in the affirmative. But does it? Clearly, national prosperity is conditioned upon expenditure of energy no less than on resources. What if the prevailing social discontent as evinced by serious labor disputes, and, in general, by that inchoate mass of ideas, falling under the caption and scope of Socialism, should give a new direction, a new impetus to that energy, and change it from a constructive force to a destructive force? Or is it sheer folly to ask such a question, giving heed to a consideration based upon the actions of the proletariat!

Yet this is but one problem of many. It is not a typical one, nor yet one sprung from conditions inherent in America. It has been foisted upon us by Europe, invited hither and made welcome. It is a new kind of problem, absolutely without historical precedent. To our knowledge no government ever before undertook the enterprise of guaranteeing equal rights to all comers without distinction of race or creed or sex: some indeed, have followed suit.

To say that this guarantee shall be withdrawn, or even curtailed, would be to invite ridicule. We are concerned with incentives and methods, not ends. Freedom, as an end, comes first, and though it is merely a negative condition, the law of generous freedom must remain intact, so also the equality of right and the liberal spirit which characterize the national temperament.

We recognise that the task is difficult, the obstacles formidable. But there is a seasoned element of our citizenship devoted to the principles of the Constitution,—men who have tasted civilized freedom, who are possessed with a dauntless spirit of initiative in attaining the wise purposes of the Founders,—who consider their country, with its problems, a splendid inheritance. These men will know how to deal wisely with every social or political emergency; how to repel any assault upon the ordered freedom of the land. These men, broadly speaking, constitute the government, whether connected with it or not; they are the natural leaders to whom the masses must look for guidance. To such men the French Revolutionists cried, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,—we want all three. We would substitute Liberty, Equality, preserve these for us, while we give you our loyalty in return. Fraternity doubtless will follow. Certainly, when the intelligent citizenship of the country conspire to support the state in unflinching loyalty, stability will be assured for the superstructure of government, and peace and prosperity for the masses of the governed.

James Lithgow Semple.

The Old Story

'T is but the old, old story of the garden, say the sages,
Only new in Eden when the clay was young indeed ;
She hath asked and he hath given at her asking ; say the
sages,
He hath choked the voice of duty lest he fail to fill her need.

Can she ever mend the idols that are broken ; say the cynics,
Can she veil his eyes from seeing, dull his heart from counting
cost ;
Can she fill the place his conscience filled aforetime ; say
the cynics,
Hath she numbed his mind from dreaming of the things
he had, and lost ?

Bind his temple round with laurel, swing the censers, say
the scoffers,
Set him high among the places of the fools who sinned for
love.
Nay, but surely royal purple is for others, say the preachers,
Let him don the sack and ashes, he hath sold his place
above.

Hath he not, perchance, been wiser than they wot of ; say
the dreamers,
Found a little way in heaven which their feet have never
trod ?
And what, then, was this birthright that he bartered ; say
the dreamers,
That they deem it fitter vintage than the nectar of a god ?

K. Sawyer Goodman.

The Iconoclast

(SCENE—*Dusk in a drawing-room. A spindle-legged, gilt chair in odious proximity to a mission monstrosity proclaims the wordly success of the owner. To the right, a door; to the left, a fire-place. Midway between, a bay window. Mrs. Weller,—who has one foot in the woman's grave of beyond the thirties, who is privately called a fool, self-styled an advanced theorist, and face-to-face ambiguously anathematized as a "dear,"—stands in the bay window. The light striking the heavy, red curtains offers the most effective background for her white gown. A booklet notable for its exquisite binding is clasped in the hand that pushes back the curtains.*)

Mrs. Weller—(*gazing out*). Rain, rain, rain. Where is the good of dwelling in a world of rain? Mist and rain, rain and mist. Who knows the way, or who, knowing, follows? (*a blinding flash of lightning, without, bathes her in blue phosphorescence.*) Oh! (*She shudders and draws the blinds; then clasps her hands to her breast. The booklet falls unheeded to the floor.*) A prophetic sign! I see the way. (*She sinks musingly into a chair.*)

(*Enter Mr. Geoffrey Godfrey,—a weakling who has long outstripped Wisdom but has never sighted Knowledge.*)

Godfrey —(*without drawing a breath.*) Mrs. Weller, charmed to see you again. 'Pon my word, you're looking more charming than ever,—but no, that's impossible. What a jolly clap of thunder made its entrée with me. (*Walks to the window, looks out and immediately becomes despondent.*) I say, what a rum day. (*Picks up the book, immediately brightens.*) A beautiful book-plate, beautiful. (*Flirts leaves.*) I say, read some of this to me, won't you?

Mrs. Weller—Do you really wish me to read to you?

Godfrey—(*depositing himself on the spindle-legged chair.*) Please do. It's such a rum day.

Mrs. Weller—(*reverently reading.*) 'Beauty of the Soul always and inevitably reaches the proper embodiment of ex-

pression in Beauty of the Face. From the seed must spring the Tree that bears the Fruit.'—Do you place faith in that, Mr. Godfrey?

Godfrey—(*abstractedly.*) Yes, to be sure. Capital sentiment. Believe every word, don't you?

Mrs. Weller—I hardly know. Sometimes it seems it must be so, and then doubt creeps in and my faith wavers. One finds it difficult to keep one's sentiments constant.

Godfrey—(*doubtfully.*) Yes, to be sure.

Mrs. Weller—Then, here it says in so many words that it's quite impossible to be pretty unless one has a pretty soul. Godfrey—But I know numbers of pretty people.

Mrs. Weller—(*the feminine gaining the upperhand.*) Not numbers, surely, Mr. Godfrey.

Godfrey—(*obligingly.*) No, not numbers.

Mrs. Weller—In these days of rush and worry, we women find it hard to retain whatever charms niggardly nature has bestowed upon us. Still—

Godfrey—(*missing his cue.*) I say, let's stop moralizing and philosophizing, and talk about something worth while,—plays and people and so on.

(*Enter the Reverend Horace Blackwood, a venerable antique, built on strictly dogmatic lines.*)

Mrs. Weller—I'm so glad you came to my rescue, Reverend Blackwood. Mr. Godfrey and I were discussing a point in theology, and I fear that I was receiving the worst of it.

Blackwood—Hm! Indeed it surprises me that a gentleman so well versed in theology as Mr. Godfrey should take advantage of a lady even in an argument.

Godfrey—You, Reverend Blackwood, will never take or get advantage of anybody. (*The insult misses the clergyman by a goodly distance.*)

Mrs. Weller—Please listen to this. 'It is not the good we do ourselves, but the good we do others, and conversely,

the good that others do us, which lead our steps imperceptibly yet gradually upward to the Higher Life.'

Blackwood—(Hm! Madam, what I have always said.

Mrs. Weller—(*musings.*) The good we do others,—if we only knew how,—the good we do others.

Godfrey—(*aside.*) If she only knew the good she does others.

Blackwood—(*argumentatively.*) Hm! Madam, we may do good to others in various ways,—in word, in look, in deed. It matters not how much good we do; it matters more in what spirit we do it. You follow me, I trust? Hm!

Mrs. Weller—Oh, do you think so? I had never thought of that. There's Tom, my husband; he does worlds of good, I know, but he never stops to think in what spirit it is done.

Blackwood—Then, madam, he loses the quintessence of doing good,—namely, the good it does him.

Mrs. Weller—Perhaps you are right, I had never thought of that.

Blackwood—(*relishing with gusts the point gained.*) Hm! Hm! If you will permit me, madam, your husband is a trifle of the "world, worldly," of the "earth, earthy." He is, I might say, unable to appreciate the finer subtleties of thought and meaning.

Mrs. Weller—Dear old Tom, he's such a child.

Blackwood—Such a child.

Mrs. Weller—(*the feminine again coming to surface.*) If only he would stop laughing at what he calls my ideals.

Blackwood—Your ideals, madam?

Godfrey—(*spelling.*) I-d-e-a-l-s.

Mrs. Weller—You should be more respectful toward the Cloth, Mr. Godfrey.

Godfrey—(*seeking to be brilliant.*) The Cloth should be more,—er, respectable.

Blackwood—(*indignantly taking the lure.*) The Cloth, sir, is respectable, eminently respectable.

Godfrey—(*achieving the end.*) Therein lies your chief fault.

Blackwood—(*nonplussed and dodging the issue.*) But speaking of ideals, Mrs. Weller, I might go on to say that your husband is a man who—Hm!—who has lost his ideals.

Godfrey—Ideals are easily misplaced.

Blackwood—(*savagely.*) As also are some remarks, sir. (*The two stare vacantly at the ceiling.*)

(*Enter Mr. Thomas Weller, hale and hearty.*)

Tom—Holloa, everybody. (*kisses wife.*) Dinner about ready, dear? I'm hungry as a bear. What a storm we've been having, was simply drenched coming from the office. And what subject are my scientists dissecting this evening?

Mrs. Weller—We were speaking of doing good to others.

Tom—Easy enough.

Mrs. Weller—How, Tom?

Tom—Do it whenever you have the chance, and do it to anybody.

Blackwood—Hm! Words, sir, mere words. As a practical man of affairs, where would you begin?

Tom—By giving alms to the beggar I passed on the street corner.

Godfrey—To buy drinks?

Tom—To do with as he pleases. That is his business.

(*A last flash of lightning illuminates the room.*)

Mrs. Weller—The prophetic sign! I had forgotten. Come! I will go.

Tom—Where?

Godfrey—What?

Blackwood—How?

Mrs. Weller—To the beggar.

Blackwood—In this storm?

Godfrey—In this twentieth century?

Tom—In that costume?

Mrs. Weller—(*rapturously.*) Yes, come. (*She takes Blackwood and Godfrey by the hand.*)

Blackwood—But suppose I offered a prayer for the beggar? Would not that answer?

Tom—D—n your prayer, Blackwood; give him alms.
(Mrs. Weller exits exultantly, followed by the reluctant Blackwood, and the dubious Godfrey.)

Tom—They will not find my imaginary beggar. *(Walks to the window and looks out.)* But they may find that charity which begins at home begins next door. Poor little children, lost in the woods.

(Exit.)

John Matter.

At the Mermaid

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

(Master Francis Beaumont to Ben Johnson.)

IN the days when good Queen Bess ruled Merry England there stood in London a tavern called the Mermaid; the meetings beneath its hospitable roof have become part of the history of that glorious Golden Age of English letters. A stout old structure it was, grown gray and weather-beaten in the flight of more than a hundred years, its creaking sign adorned with a painted mermaid and dangling interwoven spheres of box, proclaiming the "full Mermaid wine," which after all, needed no bush. It stood a little apart from the common traffic and one wonders how it's frequenters ever found their way thither, in the gathering dusk, through the narrow, dark and crooked London streets. Greater still the wonder that they ever succeeded in safely reaching home again, after leaving it on nights when debate had been warm, and throats, grown parched with talking, had needed frequent draughts to keep them moist and mellow. Probably in such cases when legs remained no longer trustworthy, they, like rare old Ben,

"At Bread Street's Mermaid having dined and merry
Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry."

Along towards six in the afternoon, when the performance at the Globe or Blackfriars is over, the tavern begins to fill. Among the early arrivals are men like Sir Walter Raleigh, the founder of the club,— brave knights and personages at court, equally ready with pen or sword; such men as the fiery and impetuous Essex, and the Earl of

Leicester — "Gypsy" Leicester the Queen called him, for his swarthy complexion and handsome, dare-devil countenance. With them is Shakespeare's patron, Southampton, and mayhap the great Cecil, Lord Burleigh, himself.

Following these come others of less exalted station — Michael Drayton and John Florio, the dictionary maker; Sir Charles Cotton, the poet and antiquarian; many a strange and mirthful tale he must have brought back from these meetings to his more quiet stay-at-home friends, Sir Henry Wotton and the gentle Izaak Walton; tall lanky John Selden, statesman and builder of policies, stolen away from his law books for a jovial evening with friends; the Cornishman, Richard Carew, who writ so tenderly of love; John Donne, poet and divine, already gloomy and embittered with hope too long deferred. Here too are Beaumont and Fletcher, who live together, write together, and even own their clothes in common. Perhaps Sir Edward Alleyn, free for a few hour from the cares of his college at Dulwich, comes to tell a younger generation of the good old days when he played Tamburlaine and Faustus. Shakespeare and Burbage, delayed by business at the theater, come arm in arm.

Not all the great Elizabethans are here; other taverns are the haunts of Drake and Frobisher and their hardy sea-dogs; probably the levity of these gatherings is beneath the grave dignity of such a youth as Francis Bacon; but the eager face just peeping through the door may be that of the boy John Milton, sent on some errand by his father, but loitering at the Mermaid long enough to catch a glimpse of its famous poets.

As they take their places about the long oaken table "in comes Chettle, sweating and blowing by reason of his fatness," the very model of Sir John Falstaff; when Sir John died, babbling o' green fields, his heart fracted and corroborate, no doubt he met with as sweet a welcome in

Paradise as did old Anthony Chettle, "to welcome whom, because he was of olde acquaintance, all rose up and fell presently on their knees to drink a health to all the lovers of Hellicon."

Here is none of the solemn state of the ordinary English supper of the time; 'tis a feast of reason and a flow of wit. The dishes removed, pewter tankards, and tinkling leathern jacks appear; and pipes too, and that strange new plant that comes from America and is called tobacco. Which is the head of the board no man may say. At one end sits William Shakespeare, at the other Ben Jonson, whose learning and wide reading make him the oracle of his day, even as Dryden and the great lexicographer are to be in theirs. His dictum none dare dispute save Avon's bard, and not even he with impunity, for Shakespeare with all his genius has not the temperament nor the classic lore which make the immortal bricklayer the first literary critic of his time.

The talk is not always of letters or the stage. Sir Walter has many a strange tale of the new world where gold is to be had for the picking up. Ben Jonson, who has delved deep in the books of alchemists like Geber, and Paracelsus and Roger Bacon, knows scores of mysterious formulae for the making of gold at home without the trouble of seeking it abroad; but before he can explain why he has never made any, John Selden has engaged him and the two continue their famous and learned discussion concerning that passage in Deuteronomy, which says: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto man; neither shall a man put on a woman's garments, for all that do so are an abomination to the Lord."

Those near Burbage are twitting him about the time he learned his history over again, when Shakespeare taught him that William the Conqueror was before Richard the Third. Some voice trolls out Kit Marlow's famous song,

"Come live with me and be my love," and another sings Sir Walter Raleigh's graceful reply to the same ; Ben Jonson rolls the thunder of his bass in "Drink to me only with thine eyes." But there falls a hush if Shakespeare reads one of his "Sugred sonnets among his private friends." So the evening passes with emptying of cups and filling of pipes, with song and jest and quip and tale, till as dawn draws near, such as are able, rise, call for torches and wend mazily homeward, thankful if they escape the clutches of Dogberry and the watch.

The great fire of London left the Mermaid a heap of ashes. At times the very place of its existence has been well nigh forgotten, but there remains, glowing ever bright and clear the memory of those who met there, and many since their day have kindled the torch of genius at that flame. There rings in our ears an echo from the words of one of those that caught the fire—as choice a spirit as ever penned a verse or drained a cup beneath its black and smoke-stained rafters :

"Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?"

Samuel Harries Daddow.

The Sea-God

The song that I sang, was it sweet,
That ye seek me again?
Is it greed for the tribute I mete
To your covetous seine?
Are ye mad with the wind and the salt stinging heat?
Will ye seek me again?

I have stormed at your ice-cruled walls,
Under pale northern skies,
Till my thundering shook through your halls,
Till I flung in your eyes
The sting of my sorrow, and mingled your calls
With my shuddering sighs.

Though I drank of the wine of the rose,
In the long southern light;
Though I dreamed where magnolias doze
All the heavy sweet night;
Though I slept as the sleeper who dreamily mows
In the field of his might,

In the West and the myrrh-scented East
White fogs are unfurled;
And my streams shall roll forth to the feast,
Till their currents are curled
Over turreted city and plain; o'er the least
And the best of the world.

Have ye gazed in my eyes—are they tender
With mist and with rain?
If ye long for the tribute I render,
Ye covet in vain.
Are ye mad with the sun and my indolent splendour?
Will ye seek me again?

Charles W. Kennedy.

The Garden

THERE is the window, and the great arm chair, and the little table with its strangely carved legs, and the grim clock ticking away the minutes, and the days, and the hours. All these things are my friends because I have told them so many of my dreams. And what dreams they have been! Dreams without hope of fulfilment, tinged with a little regret for the old garden, and a little half grim laughter at my failures.

When I first made the acquaintance of the grim clock, and the great arm chair, and the little table with the strangely carved legs, the first great longing of my life was gone. Many years lay between me and the day when I had closed the book in which was written the first romance of the rose-garden — and you were dead. I may tell you all these things now because you are dead, and because the first romance of the garden was very very long ago. You remember the old garden, surely you must remember it. They say that the dead remember everything they loved in this little old world, and I know that you loved the garden, for I have been told that after I had gone away, and after my mother died you came very often to walk in the old paths, and tend the roses, which she could no longer tend. They told me it was there he found words to say what I had tried to say. Then he took you away with him, out into the world, and the weeds began to grow in the rose beds.

You were the girl who came to live in the house next door, when I was young. I can recall the very frock you wore, and the very way the sunlight glinted on your hair. It was late one May afternoon when first you came into the garden, and became for me a part of it, the very soul and fragrance of the roses. Our friendship grew very quickly, yours and mine, and there were many pleasant hours for

me that summer, and the next. And when the winter came and the snow lay thick and white on the rose beds, I sat for hours at a time, by the great hall fire, reading the books we had read together in the garden. I was very sentimental in those days; and, well, perhaps I am so now. But the grim clock, and the great arm chair, and the little table with the strangely carved legs, never tell what they see and hear. To those who come sometimes to sit with me I am always the same, the man in grey, the man who is always smiling. You must already know these things; they say the dead know everything.

To return to the garden, it was in the fourth spring that my commission came, then it was, in the weeks of preparation that I came to understand fully what you meant to me, and to the garden, and what both of you counted for in my life. Many times I tried to tell you; many times I found my lips dumb. You must have known. I have told myself very often, and I have told the grim clock, and the great chair, and the little table with the strangely carved legs, that if I had been able to tell you how much it all meant to me, you might have waited for me in the old garden, and then there would have been no second romance and no man in grey at the window with his endless, useless dreams. The last day came. We were standing together among the roses. It was May again and the breath of the garden and the need of telling you, before parting of my great longing and hope, brought words to my lips. All was at first vague, the pain of leaving home, and the garden, and you, but before I could tell you the great thing there was a little tug at my coat sleeve, and the boy made his first appearance in the garden. But I have forgotten to speak of the boy. He belonged, I knew, to the family across the street. I had seen him many times peeping through the pickets of the fence, but he had never before come into my garden. Now he stood before me gravely holding out

his hands toward a big white rose. I picked it and gravely held it out to him. As he took it, a thorn pricked his tiny palm, and you gathered him up in your arms to hush him, and as you fondled him the others came into the garden, the boy had played his part in the first romance, and my opportunity was gone.

Out there in India I made many little songs for you, (which were never set down on paper,) and dreamed many dreams alone under the stars at night, and on the broad hot plains or on the cool verandas at Simla. The stars seemed somehow to bring me nearer to the old garden; but the burden of the songs, and of the dreams was always the same—I was coming home soon. You would still be among the roses, as I had left you, waiting for me. I tried to write, but all that I could tell you was of little things around me, and of my longing to be home. Of the one great thing I could not write. Then there was work to do and I could not come home. I heard of my mother's death before the first campaign, and when the work was done and I was free to come back to ask you to take her place, there came the news that you too were gone from the garden. I had no courage to come back then, so I turned again to my work for in that at least, I had not wholly failed.

Afterwards when I was shattered past active usefulness to the service, I did come back, to take my place here at the window, and when the summer came, and the East called me, to forget the days of my working life I opened the old house, and faced the ghosts of the days, that had been dead for twelve long years. I was old, I told myself, and since you were dead, for you had been dead a long time they told me, and since he had forfeited his right—but that we will pass over—I could at least have the dream of you, all my own, in the garden. So the weeds disappeared from the rose beds and the place became as nearly like what it had been as I could make it. It was the next year that

your father and mother brought your child to live with them, in the house next door. She, too came to love the garden, as you had loved it. We became fast friends, your child and I, but I was old and lame and she was very young. For five years we were playmates and each year she grew more and more like you. We were very gay together, and all this time there was not one trace of him in all her being, although, God knows, I looked for it and many times feared its coming. I know that she even came to love me, as she should have loved him, because as she said, "You are never sad, and always smiling." It seems strange does it not? But you must remember that she had never seen the grim clock, and the great chair, and the little table with the strangely carved legs. They would have told her nothing if she had, and I never told her the story of the garden.

It was May again, when my eyes were opened, and I knew that, for me, the garden held a second romance. I came upon her suddenly and as she turned toward me the sunlight glinted on her hair as it had done on yours that first day, and I knew that the years had been bridged for us. In the days that followed I thought much, but my heart was young again, and after all forty-five years is not really old. This time there should be no failure from lack of courage. But I have again forgotten the boy, not a boy now, but a man. But to me he will be always *the* boy. He was there all the time and although he was seldom in the garden he often came to sit with me by the big hall fire in the winter time, listening far into the night to my stories of the great wide East. I was blinded to everything except to this second wonderful romance which the garden held for me. Then came the end. It was in the garden among the roses, and now it seems natural that it should have been thus. She was standing with the afternoon sunlight full on her face. It seemed that you had come back across the years. When she saw me she ran to me, her eyes wide and bright with

a great glad love of all things that live, and she held out both her hands. She may have known what I was about to tell her—yet I pray God she did not, and does not know—for she drew away one little hand, and gently laid a finger across my lips. "Hush," she said. "Oh man who is never sad, I have the most wonderful thing in all the world to tell you—I am to be married." Then the boy came into the garden again and my second romance was gone.

It is very late, the grim clock has just told me so, and the last cigarette is gone from the weird brass box on the little table with the strangely carved legs. It is years since even the second romance of the old garden, and I am really old, but yesterday one of those, who come sometimes to sit with me, told me that I had not changed in twenty years, "always the same, the man who is never sad," so you see that they do not know. I have given her the old garden, and every spring she writes to me and always ends thus: "The roses are in bloom, why do you not come down to visit us?" But I have never gone. And the grim clock, and the great arm chair, and the little table with the strangely carved legs, and—you—are the only ones that could tell her why.

K. Sawyer Goodman.

San Sebastian

ON a bench of the rosy marble of Carrara in the garden of her father's stately castle in the old Tuscan city of Florence, sat Madonetta Vesta Pitti. A very dark girl, the pure, cold oval of her face was softened by no flush of color, but the smouldering eye and slightly tense expression of the sweet mouth betokened a latent energy and self-repression you would not have looked for in such a tenderly nurtured maid.

Naught she saw of the sweep of lawn running smooth as velvet to the edge of the quiet stream, and the birds in the great trees which hid her retreat from the southern windows of the palace might all have been dead or dumb for any joy she had of their pretty twittering. But you would not have said that she was unhappy, nor yet that her thoughts were upon her tiring or her embroidery, her lover or her hawks, as might well be in a maiden of her station. There was a mystic fire as of inward, backward seeing in the dark eyes, as of seeking and mayhap finding the answer to some high question of faith or love. But of a surety no earthly matter could so enthrall in sombre ecstasy. Even so might one look, thinking on the holy Christian martyrs, their sufferings, and for a roving shaft this would not have been so wide the clout. It was some weeks before that a young priest, Fra Niccolo, had first preached, in the church of San Marco, the glory of martyrdom and self-sacrifice. Of those who had fallen most completely under the spell of his fiery words was, strangely enough, the daughter of the famous old house of Pitti, never noted for its church-going or excessive piety. She would have given up life freely and gladly, sighed that there were no longer persecutions of the Christians, imagined herself a torch in the gardens of Nero, or a sacrifice to Diocletian's lions in the Circus Maximus. A practical girl, she soon saw that sufferings

like this were no longer demanded, and so she set herself to prepare that most difficult and, as she had been taught, most acceptable of all sacrifices, her own loving heart. For she had a lover, and such a lover; was he not the handsomest, bravest and fiercest of all the young nobles of Florence? How soft were his eyes when he looked on her, but how they had blazed and how like a very fiend he had fought for her that mad day when, to provoke him, she had ventured to mix, disguised as a boy and unattended, in the wild carnival throng. How sweet even was the stern lecture he had read her in the quiet old garden afterward as, safe in his arms, she sobbed her frightened story.

They had plighted their faith some time before and it was only for that, like all young things, they delighted in secret meetings and romantic intrigue that a formal betrothal had not yet been celebrated. And now, greatly loved and loving as she was, she had so wrought upon herself that she believed her only hope of heaven lay in renouncing him forever and entering some nunnery or convent, there to pass her days and nights in fasting and in prayer. No light thing had it been to give up her Guido. You could see by the curved lip, the heavy, drooping eyelid and the suggestion of fullness under the rounded chin that here was no ascetic, no relic kissing, castigating saint, rather a daughter of earth, a nymph maybe, formed and intended for love and delight.

The strong stubborn will availed only to suppress, not to prevent entirely, the soft glad light that flashed in those lovely eyes and the flush of rising color and the quickening of her heart-beats as a noise of creaking branches and a swishing, swaying sound told her that her lover, her Guido, would be at her feet in an instant. How it hurt her to deny him as he fondly would embrace her, how she longed to feel his kisses on her lips, her hair, her eyelids. In sober wise she stretched forth one cool hand, but oh

how pitifully clenched was its sweet mate hid in the folds of her dress. Chiding she said "Guido, Guido learn to curb thy reckless spirit, nay, my mood is not for kisses, listen I have much to tell thee."

Then she made him sit by her and told him all her purpose, shut her heart to his wild pleadings, argued for a while but finally sat with dumb lips and eyes, listening unconvinced to every wile and sleight his love could conjure up. It is uncertain how long, that first time, she would have been able to withstand him and her own heart, had not the coming of darkness put an end to the contest. She was left with will triumphant, but how sick at heart and all foredone none would guess who had seen her so strong and steadfast.

The days went by with little change. Every afternoon came Guido and talked and entreated with more of patience than is given to most men in that fiery clime yet with more of fire than falls to the great number of those endowed with that cool patience.

As for Madonetta Vesta you would not have found her an Italian at all, but a very iceberg and unmelted by all the sunshafts of eloquence poured upon her. All he had to say she heard, and with right good will too, I promise you, but never a word would she give in reply save her one argument of her duty towards God and the Saviour. Every week there she would be, among the first to enter old San Marco's, with her eager face and eyes, soul all attuned to holy thoughts, breathing in every word of Fra Niccolo's wonderful discourse. For indeed his was an eloquence seldom now to be heard, and even in those good days few had converted and brought to repentance more murderers, thieves, and other enemies of human kind than he, and each day women and sometimes men, were carried screaming from before his righteous denunciations. Vesta, however, being young and strong and with fewer deadly sins, maybe, to

weigh upon her soul, sat through all his shouting and raging with untroubled mien. With her, things struck deeper. Now, that I may appear frank in all things, this Niccolo, though not so old, was far from pleasant to look upon, and as his piercing eyes had a manner of staring at any who gazed at him and seemingly convicting the poor wretch of the seven deadly sins and more besides, Madonetta Vesta began ere long to search for some other object, equally holy and more edifying upon which to fix her gaze. Nor had they far to seek, for part of the pulpit decoration was a most excellent, beautiful picture of San Sebastian by that very famous painter and sculptor Baccio della Porta known as Fra Bartolommeo.

At the risk of seeming to instruct I will tell what no doubt all know, that this great saint and holy martyr Sebastian was likewise a very comely, gracious youth, and constant as was his soul in obedience to God's will and his own high purpose yet would he have been more than mortal could he have prevented some outward manifestation of his physical and mental torture at being cruelly killed and untimely snatched away from all those delights and pleasures, with which the devil seeks to enhance the value of life in this naughty world. If there could have been anything more perfect than the artist's representation of a beautiful human figure and face, it was the way in which he had seemed to give life to the very tears as they were wrung from those upturned eyes, and to catch the groans and sighs of pain from the parched lips and all but make them heard.

Now as the tale of the weeks became shorter and shorter before the time of the irrevocable vow which she was resolved to take, the continual pleadings of young Guido began to have the same effect on Vesta's constancy as I have noticed the ceaseless dropping of water at the side of our abbey spring hath upon that old piece of mighty granite

below; the rock of her constancy was beginning to wear gradually away, and for all her grand saint's airs she was only a very beautiful, sweet girl, and very much in love. And each week as she gazed at the painted Sebastian she thought how like her lover he looked and how she hated the wicked Romans who made him endure such anguish; and then of a sudden she saw how she herself was more cruel than any Pagan Roman to make her lover suffer pangs ten thousand times harder to bear. Remembering too late that this was in all likelihood but a snare of the Enemy to enmesh her soul she strove to turn her mind to Fra Niccolo's high discourse, but lo — he had stopped and the church was empty. With a cautious look around she went swiftly and kissed the poor pained lips of the holy Sebastian, and her tears fell and she kissed him again and then fared home through the hot, sun-bright streets.

And when Guido came to the old garden that afternoon he found a different love from her whom he had left the day before, a rosy girl with misty eyes and arms outstretched to welcome him to his kingdom, a girl who was glad of him and glad to be scolded and petted and kissed. And he did all of these things, but the last most often.

Madonetta Vesta was a good girl and a pious girl and even in her joy at returning to her lover she did not forget that she had committed a sin in so doing, and an even graver fault (she thought) in kissing with earthly passion the holy burning martyr Sebastian. Yet it was some time ere she took heart to tell everything to Fra Niccolo. She went trembling to him, listened in silence while his wrath descended upon her, but she was steadfast in her new resolution, and the enthusiasm of the ascetic was conquered as it has ever been by the bold optimism of love.

Bitterly spake Fra Niccolo, a severe, acid-faced man, much too old for his years, "So thou art naught but a weak and puny worldling and must go back to thy wretched

kind, thou whom I thought so strong and sure. What wile of the Archfiend hath brought thee to this pass and what set thee thinking of thy earthly lover, whose mind should have been full of the Heavenly Bridegroom?"

"The portrait of San Sebastian, holy father, 'twas that recalled my Guido, even while I listened to thy words of wisdom. And from considering better of Guido for that he resembled the picture, I came to better love the picture for that it seemed so like Guido. And so, taking pity on this pictured Guido for the pain I saw in his countenance, and having stayed somewhat beyond the others by reason of my musing, I did even what I do to the true Guido when I am sorry for him, I—I kissed his mouth, and—and *not* as I kiss the cross, good Fra Niccolo, but quite, quite otherwise."

Then Niccolo, despite his priestly dignity, waxed very wroth and might have been heard to mutter of "devils, tricks of painting" and "cursed Baccio," together with many things which timid Vesta comprehended not. She, poor girl, was thinking on the weary penance he would doubtless set her for that graceless kiss, and recked little of his opinion of painter or of painture. At last he let her go and, as you will divine, she hurried straight to a far different confessional where she received full recompense for every Ave and Pater imposed upon her by the stern Frate.

The next afternoon on one of their half stolen walks the lovers found themselves near San Marco's stately fane.

"See, Guido mine, come within a moment and I will show thee the picture that spake so eloquently in thy behalf."

"Gladly would I look upon it, and were it not well, think you, that I should burn before it each day a candle for so helping me to my desire?"

"Fond lad, I am not worth so many candles—nay,

Guido, to use me so and upon the very portal of the church !”

In they tripped happy, hand in hand, but when they reached the entral aisle with what a sight were they greeted. There stood sour young *Fra Niccolo* directing the labor of two varlets who were cutting into long strips the lovingly wrought masterpiece of the pious *Bartolomeo*. Even as they watched, the great frame was torn groaning down and they heard the hard voice of the *Frate* bidding the serving men let kindle a fire to burn the accursed picture. He himself would see it given to the flames and would scatter to the four winds of heaven the ashes of this (as he said) wile and snare of the devil which had already turned one soul from the path of righteousness and had tempted and provoked many more, how many only God could tell.

Vesta let fall a gentle tear for her loved *San Sebastian* but she felt very happy and secure, clinging to the living presentment of the picture, and the memory of the grim destructive work of *Fra Niccolo* was but a light cloud in the sky of their sweet happiness.

Donald Cuyler Vaughan.

Aftermath

A MUTINY

The day was hot and sultry, and the sun glared down upon a detachment of American soldiers as only the Cuban sun can glare. It was one of the numerous outposts set to guard the main army, and had seen much fighting on the skirmish line.

The lassitude in the air seemed to have affected even nature herself — not a leaf stirred, scarce a bird chirped, and the only sign of life lay in the movements of the various scorpions, centipedes and lizards that infested the camp.

"Hell fire wouldn't quiet 'em" remarked one of a group lying in the shade. "Why I remember — say, you fellows! Hear that? The speaker raised his hand for silence and listened intently. The babbling of a little brook around the foot of the slope alone broke the silence. "I could have sworn it was a bugle," he muttered. "There! — There it goes again," he cried, springing to his feet — and this time all heard it. Borne distinctly on the dense air came the clear mellow notes of a Spanish bugle.

Two minutes of bustle and stir, and a corporal and six men disappeared in the cane brake, while the camp, used to such disturbances, sank back into its former quiet.

An hour later a corporal and six men issued from the farther side of the cane brake, and paused on the edge of a clearing where they stood wearily leaning on their rifles. For two miles through a Cuban cane brake is an ordeal stimulating both to tongue and temper, even when the thermometer isn't ready to crack. Beyond lay a deserted landscape, wrapped in the same deadly silence.

But no, it was not quite deserted. Directly ahead, slowly ascending a hillock, appeared a slight boyish figure clad in the Spanish uniform. In one hand he bore a bouge. He had become separated from his companions, and was signaling to attract their attention. Unconscious that he was observed he turned, and the Americans saw he was but a boy — sixteen at the most. For a moment he stood and looked searchingly in all directions, his brown figure outlined against the sky, in all the dark beauty of his youth and race. And as he stood, the men's rough faces softened while they watched. But the corporal had his orders.

"Fire!" he said in a low tone.

The men had forgotten for the moment, and at the sound, started as though stung.

But no rifle moved as with fascinated, doubting eyes, they gazed at their boy commander. They had caught the unwillingness in his tone.

"Fire!" he repeated sharply—but his voice seemed to catch.

Still no answer. One man spat—and another, raising his rifle but a few inches from the ground, struck it back again with emphasis.

And the line stood as a statue, their gaze again turning to the figure on the mound—for as the order came, the boy slowly raised his bugle to his lips; they listened till the call died away. For a moment he continued to look searchingly about him, but his eyes still failed to see their figures, veiled by the shrubbery. Then while they yet watched he began to sing. It was a Spanish love song they had all heard in Havanna. As its flood of Southern fervour poured into their listening ears, the man who had spat, spat again; the man who had grounded his rifle, again grounded it—while their young leader's hand sought a locket that lay over his heart—and they heard his breath drawn sharply.

But the corporal had his orders.

"Fire! Damn it!" he cried again.

Slowly each man sought his neighbor's eyes, as though to read his thoughts—for this was mutiny.

Then quickly, all turned as one, and disappeared in the cane brake.

And breathing a sigh of relief, the corporal followed.

J. Wainwright Evans.

The Voice

Night has fallen ; I am roaming
In the garden of my dreams ;
In the star-embosomed gloaming
Where the silver crescent gleams.

Wild or wistful night-winds, sighing,
Waft my soul to slumbers deep.
Distant twilight voices, dying,
Echo thro' the vales of sleep.

Far from out the flaming portal,
Sown with stars, there rings a cry,
"Thou art blest, for thine immortal
Love, unseen, unknown, am I!"

Silence reigns. The silver crescent
Pales beneath the purpling day.
O'er the hills the wind's incessant
Music sobs itself away.

With the morn, I still the wonder
Of the voice that rang so late.
Goddess from the stars up yonder,
I have heard and I will wait.

Howard Arnold Walter.

THE NARRATIVE POWER OF MUSIC

The composer who would narrate an event in the language of music, must, first of all, be possessed of imagination. And imagination, let me say in passing, is not the mere

gift of an ordinary mind nor of one perhaps altogether healthy — it is almost the raving of a semi-maniac. Would there were more of these demented beings! For it is the raving of such a mind that makes the poet's heart leap beyond the mean restrictions of his verse. These wild flights of the master of song give such delight as only music can offer. They paint the changing light and shades of feeling that to the lover of the truly beautiful are like the varying shades of the green of forest leaves, Imagination then, truly, is essential. And it is for the master to weave into the fabric of his song the pathos, the pity, the joy or the gladness, felt by him and expressed,—translated for the finer fancies. But this does not complete the obligation. There is also the part of the hearer. He must be quick to perceive the touches of the master's art. Only by this twofold gift, the endowment of hearer and master, has music the power, stronger than charm — the power to speak to the world. For as falling trees, in a forest far from the races of men, are said to make no sound, there being no ears to receive it, so music conveys no meaning if the mind be not acute to discern it.

Thomas Clinton Pears, Jr.

Regret

Dear Heart, I did not wish to know
 You loved me so.
Lo! I have looked into your eyes,
 And found a fire I had not guessed,
A signal of your sacrifice
 That marks an ending to my quest.
The joy of old is turned to pain —
 The love of old was ever best;
Come, seek the sun-lit past again,
 Come, leave the night its vain unrest,
Perhaps we may forget to know
 You love me so.

Pax. P. Hibben.

For J. N.

You met her then by chance, as I?
You never thought you chaffed her;
But then came rippling in reply
Her little laughter:

Then why speak long or deep, when far
The seas from you shall waft her?
Come, laugh! Let no tomorrow mar
Our little laughter:

For life is this, I think, don't you?
A birth and an hereafter;
And, lying just between the two,
A little laughter.

Ames Brooks.

THE PROOF OF A CRITIC

The Critic is of all this feeble race of mankind the most godlike. He is not wrought to life from your common clay; a diviner origin is his, he is the offspring of genius. Worthily does he prove his parentage. Like a Pharaoh of old he reclines on his throne.—His subjects, the throng of lowly mortals, gather around his footstool to hear judgment passed upon Music, Art, Literature—mere trivialities, easily reckoned with, when delivered captive into his hands. How loyally and withal how nobly does he shape and mould public opinion to his liking; what commendable simplicity do his methods discover. One sweep of the scepter, his subjects applaud vociferously, eloquent thumbs are turned upward; two sweeps of the scepter, the meek mortals hiss vociferously, and the thumbs are turned downward. It takes no time at all.

Observe the Critic as he saunters through the streets:

That lofty bearing, those flashing eyes, that supercilious smile, those flying coat tails, flapping like the sails of a great ship balancing in the wind — are they not the marks of genius? Do they not show him cognizant of his duty as self-imposed censor? Perhaps he goes to the new play. We shall follow and from a distance observe the workings of high perfection. His reception at the theatre will partake of an ovation. The dusky guardian of carriages will lift high his hat in stately salaam, the dispenser of tickets will smirk a welcome, the receiver of tickets will fling wide the door with much ceremony, the ushers will spring forward in keen competition, the prima donna will direct at him the heaviest fire of her battery of smiles, the chorus girls —

But where is our Critic gone? Ah, down that side-street he strolls. Modesty, the inheritance of the great, forbids him to use the main entrance. He is pausing before the door of that grimy little restaurant, ready-made to fit a salary of seven dollars a week. Perhaps he meditates some act of philanthropy. He looks about to see that he is not observed — modesty again, the inheritance of the great. He enters. We will await his reappearance, let us not thrust ourselves forward and discolor with publicity the clear purity of philanthropy. The minutes pass, he does not reappear; curiosity prevails, we enter. There is our Critic, seated at a square table barren of cloth. We hear him say to a man standing, arms akimbo, tooth pick between his lips "Wiater, this coffee is atrocious."

Once a Critic, always a Critic.

John Matter.

Lines on Phrony's Nineteenth Birthday

Descend, O Muse, and touch the Epic Lyre ;
Sound forth thy music with celestial fire.
Behold, the youths and maidens in array
Make joyful noise in happy holiday.
Behold the portents filling earth and sky,
Announcing that some awful day is nigh.
E'en Jove uneasy fidgets in his seat,
Unwilling jealous Juno's eye to meet.
O tell the cause of this unwonted bustle,
Why gods do frown and even naiads hustle ?
For Phrony comes into her nineteenth year ;
Venus and Juno fear a rival here.

J. O. Bigelow

Editorial

Responsibility To the men of nineteen hundred and eight, as they enter on the four best and, in retrospect, shortest years of their lives, we extend a cordial welcome. At this time, in view of their unique position, we would urge a word of counsel, born of a somewhat longer experience. There is one idea that every freshman should grasp, and carry with him, consciously or subconsciously, throughout his undergraduate career. It is the epitome of all the new conditions which distinguish college from preparatory school life. It is the idea of *responsibility*. The university is, so to speak, the world's preparatory school. Here we are no longer boys preparing to enter college, still to continue under parental jurisdiction and providence. We are men equipping ourselves for the struggle in the larger world, where we must carve out our own career. It is to ourselves—not to parents or professors—that we are henceforth responsible. The assumption of responsibility is tantamount to the determination to seize every opportunity of self-enlargement. And opportunities at college are as diverse and manifold as character itself.

Generally speaking, undergraduate responsibility is of two kinds; it consists in a sense of what each man owes to himself, and of what he owes his college. This is an age of personal influence; and it is true at college, as nowhere else, that every man in his own sphere, be it large or small, is bound to exert an influence over certain other men; to stand for principles and ideals which others will strive to emulate. And influence entails responsibility. This is no argument

for a manhood that is pietistic, "unco guid." It makes not so much difference what our principles are, though that matter has first to be considered, as that we are true to the convictions we honestly hold. After we have ourselves set the bounds, it is incumbent upon us not to transgress them, for the result of transgression will be demoralization. If at the start every freshman will settle for himself just where he is to stand, and what he is to stand for, and what purpose he desires shall underrun his whole college course, and then will abide by his determination—that college course will be a success (from the standpoint of individual responsibility); and at the end of it there need be no very poignant regret.

So much for the personal, subjective side of
And Social responsibility. It has also its social and objective phase. It would be hard to decide which of the two extreme types (and examples of each are graduating yearly from every college in the country) is more to be lamented—the care-free, happy-go-lucky, useless individual who floats along, taking the limit of conditions each term, and graduating at last, after an anguished period of uncertainty, by grace of friendly syllabi and an unconscionable amount of tutoring; or, on the other hand, the anaemic, imperturbable poler, with acquisitive eyes set ever on the expected group, whose devotion to the athletic interests of the university is evinced by his indulgent query at dinner the day following an important contest, "By the way, who won the game yesterday?" On the whole, the individual of the first type is more savory. In a negative way he may be harmless. It is perhaps better to have no purpose at all than to have a warped and misguided purpose. Neither one of the two is a representative Princeton man. And, yet, whether he would or no, the time will come when he must stand as a criterion by which Princeton shall be judged in the mind of some mem-

ber of that baneful class of critics who form their judgments of a college or a cult by the one representative (who may not be representative) that they chance to know. Every man, therefore, who enrolls himself as a Princetonian owes a positive debt to the college in return for the perquisites and privileges it has to bestow. As he is proud of his college, so it should be possible for his college to be proud of him. The second thought of every freshman—the first being as to his courses of study—should concern the extra-curriculum activities. It has been said that to every man and woman is given one peculiar talent—one thing which he or she can do a little better than any other. And at college the field of possibilities is large,—athletics, in all its ramifications; literature, as represented by the various periodicals; debating and other Hall work, etc. *ad infin.* There is a place for each man, if not in the first rank, then in the second. If certain you are not an athlete, your place is on the bleachers. If you are convinced you cannot write, it is your duty to support the papers with subscriptions, and with advice if you have any to offer. If you cannot debate, you can materially aid debating interests by helping to swell the attendance at those lectures by which the team ekes out its scanty subsistence. Many are the jeremiads upperclassmen hear on every side from those who have just awakened, too late, to a realization of what college might have done for them, or they for the college, if they had been "started broad awake" at an earlier period. The vain regrets of the many who did *not* go out for football, and who did not try for the *Princetonian*, or write for the *LIT.*, may be saved to the men of nineteen eight if they will make definite and peremptory their vague intentions of doing a great deal for the college, sometime, before graduation. Intentions of that sort are such stuff as remorse is made of. There is but one thing to do—*begin now!*

It is yet too early to attempt to fathom the mysteries or predict the future of the new curriculum *status quo* which returning classes find confronting them this fall. The traditional conservative spirit of Princeton—the spirit that frowns on every change—has received a profound shock. The word upon the lips of nearly every undergraduate is a denunciation. As an illustration we might cite the grim prophecy of one upperclassman to the effect that, presently, few only—the most intolerable polers—will contrive to force an entrance into Princeton; that those few will find that there are no desirable courses to elect; and that, having made some sort of selection, all of them will be dropped by the end of senior year, and thus, graduation be dispensed with. Such pessimism is chronic with a certain class of men regarding any reformatory scheme, and is usually as harmless as it is unreasonable. It is safe to say that not one in every fifty men who are hurling innuendoes at the new system has carefully considered its merits and demerits, and so become qualified to speak with authority.

The faculty of this university, after devoting three years to a study of the curricula of other colleges throughout the world, has formulated the system which has been initiated at Princeton this fall. It is only fair that it be given an opportunity of proving its greater efficacy and worth. No man, however optimistic, however deeply imbued with loyalty to Princeton, would hesitate to admit that all has not been right heretofore. Surely there was something radically wrong with a system where, to quote another, "Given three days before the examination, the student of normal calibre will pass anything from Gothic Art to Metaphysics, with the possibility of a *cum laude* strongly in his favor." If Princeton is to be anything more than a mere repository of Princeton spirit, it should not be possible for men to be graduated every year with essentially

no more positive, concrete knowledge than they had when they entered as freshmen. In the last analysis the prime requisite of a university course, its *raison d'être* — is that it shall educate; and if it fails of accomplishing that object, it has failed indeed. Perhaps the new *regime* will not accomplish all that is hoped for it — but, at least, let it be given a trial before it is ruthlessly condemned!

Although it is true that Princeton is now committed, unequivocally, to the new order, and that she must stand or fall by its ultimate success or failure — we understand that in its minor details it is frankly experimental, and will be subject to changes from year to year, when such changes appear judicious. It is a great and a bold step, and in our opinion, viewed as a whole, it is a distinct step in advance.

Gossip: ON FRIENDSHIP

"A sudden thought strikes me,—let us swear an eternal friendship."

George Canning.

"Hello, Tom, old man."

"Hello, Dick, how are you?"

"Fine, and I'm mighty glad to see you."

"Same here. Have a good summer?"

"You bet! Say, I met a girl who—"

"There's Harry."

"Hello, Harry."

"Hello, Tom. How are you, Dick?"

"Shake, Harry."

You saw them, didn't you, in groups of twos and threes and fours on all corners of the campus? Of course you did. Were you not one in those selfsame groups of twos and threes and fours that clasped hands so vigorously, that pummeled chests so heartily, that clapped shoulders so hilariously, that laughed, shouted, sang, danced and smiled? Had you not eagerly watched from the car window for the first glimpse of the grey towers, had you not ascended the stone steps with a heart that beat slightly faster, and had you not entered your old room, carefully closed the door, and whispered a few words of joy to your old arm chair and your old books and pictures? And then perhaps you went out to lay a caressing hand on the reserved elms, to listen to the friendly leaves rustle their little greetings, to touch the peaceful, sleepy cannon, to lie for a moment on the grass. Then away to get a glimpse of the buildings for fear the few months of summer had changed them beyond recognition. You wanted to breathe in the atmosphere, to absorb once more the spirit of our Princeton.

What shall we call the spirit that hovers over this quiet New Jersey village? The grave professors may tell you it is the shades of classic learning, or the ancient grad. will confide that it is the memory of the happy days spent and the faces which came and went that pulls at his heart strings. The Gossip, however, is of the opinion that the spirit is the Spirit of Comradeship. Pity the Freshman to whom novelty lends wonder and awe; pity the Sophomore who must terrorize innocent children; pity the Junior who bears his new burden of dignity; pity the Senior who sometimes sadly thinks of the next year,—but rejoice with

all, for we are all comrades. Rejoice the more because we are comrades not alone by force of circumstance and locality, but because of the invisible spirit that binds us close together,—this Spirit of Comradeship—our pride in being where we are and what we are. And without doubt this is a high order of comradeship; yet the Gossip wishes that with it there might dwell more the spirit of Friendship.

Friendship. What volumes have been written for its fame, what brave songs sung in its praise, what deeds performed, what pain endured, what ecstasies felt, all in the name of friendship. A delicate flower it is that grows only in consecrated ground. The years are long ere the ground is so consecrated that the flower attains the full glory of development.

In these days of light hearted cynicism, men seem to keep especial vigilance over their better thoughts and sentiments for fear rude hands may sully them. The office of true friendship should be to bring into free communion the best of what each participant can offer. By the natural exercise of his various faculties a man grows into a well-rounded symmetrical being. The class room gives occasion for the exerting of mental parts; the athletic field and gymnasium for the exercise of physical powers. The Gossip hopes that the friendships of college afford the opportunity for the development of what is commonly called the spiritual and ideal.

Dame Rumor stopped the Gossip one evening as he hurried toward a belated dinner. Now the Gossip is always respectful to Dame Rumor. For one thing she is aged, and age generally commands respect. Do we not still reverence certain foolish old customs? Then, again, she is a learned lady and can prate wisely on many delectable subjects.

"Why do you come to College?" asked the Dame.

This was a personal question, so the Gossip was nonplussed.

"Is it to learn to smoke, drink and swear?"

"No, certainly not," said the Gossip, taking courage from necessity.

"But people say—"

"It proves their ignorance."

"But the papers—"

"Are sold to the people who say."

"But the magazine articles—"

"Are written by the people who say."

Dame Rumor was nettled. "Come, come," said she, "a thousand people can dodge an issue where one can meet it."

The Gossip gave consent by silence.

"Do you come to learn Greek and Latin and other things?"

"No, not exactly for the Greek and Latin."

"What then?"

"For the other things. For the friendships of college."

"Dear Gossip," said Dame Rumor, "that is a sacred trust. See that you are worthy of friendship, and others will see to it that they are worthy of you." Then she courtesied and departed.

Editor's Table

After a long summer, devoted very little to literature of any kind except the magazine variety of the present day, the Editor turned back to his pile of June exchanges with a mind rather empty of ideals and open for whatever impressions he might receive. Frankly the contents were a disappointment.

No striking defects were to be found, it is true, but neither were there any striking virtues. The stories, though they ran the whole gamut from murder and sudden death down to the baby's bedtime variety, seemed all cast in the same mould of mediocre excellence. Of course we do not mean that some were not far better than others—there are degrees even in mediocrity—nor must it be thought that none showed signs of genius or real literary merit, but merely that these signs were too few and far between.

By the time men reach junior or senior year at college their work, if they write at all, ought to give some indications of maturity, yet among all our exchanges we doubt if there are half a dozen stories which would not be refused at sight by any of the current periodicals of news-stand fame. As we laid aside one exchange after another we had the same insipid impression, the same vague feeling that something was lacking.

What is this something?

In our opinion it comes from a lack of individuality. The writers in our college magazines do not seem to write from any depth of feeling or experience, nor even from a true love of expression. Rather their work is hack work, ground out with the laudable ambition of getting on the paper, or of seeing themselves in print—an interesting episode or adventure, a little descriptive writing, and the pathetic touch, all put together in a conventional way, and there you are. Anything, so long as it will be accepted by the much badgered editors. And each month the paper must be filled, somehow.

This is our diagnosis of the trouble. Other exchange editors must have felt the same dissatisfaction at times, and The Nassau Lit. would be glad to know, also, what is their opinion of the cause.

We enjoyed the Wellesley Magazine for June exceedingly. There were some clever touches of character-drawing in "Aunt Emma's Umbrella," and "Tony" was a strong story of the Bret Harte type. The "After-Part" had some very good points, but it was spoiled a little by striving to say things too effectively, as, for example, this: "His voice struggled

hoarsely above the steady pant-pant of the big engine"—or this choice one: "'Hell!' said twenty men that same moment." Why twenty men should say "Hell!" at the same moment, unless they were rooters at a Cornell football game would be hard to explain.

Of course we must admit, that if the narrative could have stopped for five minutes at this point—or any other—to record the conversation of the trainmen, the objectionable expletive would have popped out like a rapid fire gun every few seconds. Probably this is what the fair authoress meant to signify.

In *The Williams Lit.* we found an essay on the "Evils of the Present Athletic System," which was evidently written by a man who had done his own thinking on the subject. In the main his position seems to be a very fair one, though a little extreme at times, as when he says that all college athletics should be purely spontaneous, and that the present system "is gradually extinguishing the true sportsmanlike spirit."

Let us pause right here to note that what was said above about the college story was not meant to apply either to essays or verse. Comparatively speaking we think both these branches usually show a higher development than the narrative, probably because they were written with that "Fervor Divinus" which was the subject of another excellent essay in *The Williams Lit.*

"In Pursuit of the Positive," in *The Yale Lit.* was an editorial essay of the right type. "The Journal of a Pessimist" was also very good, and the author of "Don Quixote and His Message" showed a careful study of Cervante's pathetic hero and a true sympathy with his ideals.

The *Smith College Monthly* was exceptionally good last June. "The Virgin of St. Brienc" and "Sea Anemones" were among the best stories we met with. We quote the following:

A SONG

The land is sweet with the breath that blows
From the heart of the South and the blushing rose,
And the song of love long lost, and sung
In the fragrant past when the world was young,
Comes lilting again, dear maiden fair,
Faint on the wings of the summer air,
Faint as an echo and soft and low,
And sweet with a voice that I used to know;
But the song is sad to-night and shy—
O maiden tell me the reason why.

O maiden, tell me the reason why
 The golden lights of the evening die,
 And Love delights to steal away
 With the robin's song and the fading day,
 Away with the winds to the farthest sea,
 And leave but a haunting melody—
 Breezes that blow o'er the Mountain's crest,
 Bring me a message from out of the West,
 And maiden fair, as they pass you by,
 Whisper them softly—the reason why.

L. L. R. '04, in Georgetown College Journal.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTHLAND

*Far northward, from the branches of the wind-tossed fir and pine,
 Standing stark and lonely 'gainst the sky,
 The Spirit of the Northland is speaking unto mine,
 And I list in breathless silence to its cry.*

"O'er the deep valleys the eagles are screaming,
 Cloud banners float from each summit and dome;
 Far up the foothills the trail lies in waiting,
 Child of the Northland, come home.

"Still stands the pine on the crags of Bald Mountain,
 Leaps the swift river with high-tossing foam;
 Deep in the forest the thrushes are calling,
 Child of the Northland, come home.

"Sunsets burn dim on the long purple ridges,
 Through the dark brushwood the timid deer roam
 Starlight and dawn glimmer on up the ranges,
 Child of the Northland, come home."

*Far northward, from the branches of the wind-tossed fir and pine,
 Standing stark and lonely 'gainst the sky,
 The spirit of the Northland went thrilling out to mine,
 All the calling of the Northland in its cry.*

C. W. Nichols, in Yale Lit.

THE PASSING OF ROMANCE

Gone are the old, chivalric days,
Wrapt in a mystic, golden haze,
 Breath of the passing years.
Lancelot rideth forth no more,
Peerless in arms to joust or war,
 Stern 'mid the clash of spears.

Ages agone did the world forget
Castle and garden where Nicolette
 Wept in a sweep of despair,
Brooding her lover's tender suit,
Sighing for music of his lute—
 Melody passing rare.

Silence sleeps o'er the tourney field ;
Rust eateth deep into Lancelot's shield—
 He needs it not, I trow.
Hushed is the lover's ardent plea ;
Hushed is the lute's sweet minstrelsie ;
 Hushed ages long ago.

Gone for aye those halcyon days
Wrapt in a mystic, golden haze,
 Breath of the passing years ;
Gone, leaving nought for heritage
Saving some ancient, yellow page,
 Stained with a lover's tears.
 George Burwell Dutton, in Williams Lit.

Book Talk

COLLEGE VERSE

The recent publication of a volume of Princeton verse suggests a discussion of the character and scope of college poetry, and particularly of the undergraduate work of our own university. Naturally very little attention has been paid to college verse except by those directly interested in college affairs. Indeed, one prominent critic, when asked to pass judgment on a compilation which had been published, went so far as to express the contemptuous opinion that he "had no time to waste on the ridiculous vamping of immature minds." We realize that a great part of the verse which appears in our college periodicals is idle vamping; we are willing to acknowledge, too, that it is the expression of immature minds. College verse is not meant to be taken seriously. It is not to be tested by the standards of the outside world. As the university is a miniature world, a community by itself, so its magazines are "play-magazines," and its verses "make-believe verses." Even the various volumes of verse which have been published at the different universities have been brought out solely for distribution among the college men.

Yet undergraduate verse is not without merit. In all the "chaos of rhyme" which has appeared in our college magazines for a century past, and will continue to appear as long as young men dream dreams, there is many a touch that has the stamp of genuine poetry and many a stanza that rings with true music. Probably the most striking characteristic of the best college verse written today is its light, graceful playfulness. We realize that in making this statement we are laying ourselves open to the charge of fixing a frivolous standard. More than once have we heard college verse condemned for what has been termed its giddy and mean, ingless frivolity. But, like all sound art, only that verse is honest and true which reflects the real spirit of its environment. We do not affirm that the tone of college life today is frivolous. But on the other hand it is not desperately serious. It has been fittingly said that the cap and bells are never far hidden beneath the cap and gown. And it is perfectly natural that this condition should exist; the problems of life weigh lightly in the sheltered community of the college; the world and its struggles are still ahead, untouched and unfelt. For the present, all is new and young, and the blood throbs hot and life is good! So the sensations that are felt are those of pleasure and strength, and the songs are the songs of youth.

Thus we say that the truest college verses are those which reflect the half-serious, half-laughing tone of undergraduate life. By this we do not

advocate the meaningless jingle of nonsense rhymes as the college poet's height of perfection. But the other extreme—the ridiculous attempt to introduce deep, philosophical themes into poetry—is far more artificial and liable to be characterized as the “vaporing of immature minds.”

This fundamental tone of the best college verse—its graceful humor—is in striking contrast to the undergraduate work of fifty and seventy-five years ago. Whether the college men of those days looked at life more seriously than the college men of today is difficult to determine. Certainly the character of their verse would seem to indicate it. This is not more clearly shown than in the case of our own college, Princeton. Looking back over the files of our periodicals we find that the nearer we come to the fifties and forties the more sober and sombre is the verse. Our fathers did not write of love in those days; extol the beauty of a pair of eyes in any sparkling rondeau. They did not celebrate in any graceful lyric the joy of a football victory. The iambic pentameter was their all in all. With this instrument, through long pages of fine print, they poured Miltonic thunders on every conceivable topic, from metempsychosis to the doctrine of total depravity. Nothing was too involved for them to handle. Iambic pentameter solved everything. In its company they penetrated to the inmost recesses of the Muses and visited the green pastures of Parnassus and drank deep from the Pierian spring.

It is different now, we are glad to say. College men of today are not given to writing very much about metempsychosis, nor do they invoke the Muses in long pessimistic apostrophes to “Night” and “Death.” Occasionally a belated poem of this class strays into one of the periodicals, but for the most part the subjects treated and the manner of treatment are lighter and more in keeping with the real spirit of college life. As has been already noticed, the favorite meter among undergraduates fifty years ago was the iambic pentameter, used either as blank verse or in the rhymed couplet. Whether this was peculiar to Princeton we are unable to state, but at any rate, in our own college we seem to have passed through a classical age in miniature. It is interesting to note, too, that the sonnet, which has been a general favorite for the last fifty years is the form which has been employed least successfully. The exactness in rhyme and meter which it demands has led to that peculiar stiffness and artificiality which are the fatal defects of the prescribed form. Other methods, however, have been worked out with considerable success. In late years particularly, the French forms of light verse—the rondeau, rondelet, ballade, and triolet—have come into great popularity and are peculiarly applicable in expressing the gay, sparkling sentiments of college days.

A few books were received last spring too late for notice in our June number and have been on our table until now. Among them is a very attractive edition of Surtees' *MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR*. Robert S. Surtees, it will be remembered, was an English novelist of the first half

of the last century. His works included "Jorrock's Jaunts" and "Handley Cross." Mr. Sponge was first published in 1853; reprinted in '92 and '93. The present edition is a fac-simile of the original and contains John Leach's famous illustrations in black and white and in colors. Those who are already acquainted with Sponge, will be glad to see this edition, and those who are not, would do well to meet him now. (Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour. By R. S. Surtees. New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

Another of the "left overs" is *UNDER THE VIERKLEUR*, a novel of the Boer War. The Vierkleur, by the way, was the flag of the Boer republic. This book, which produces such a vivid impression on the reader, is written by Gen. Ben Viljoen, of the Transvaal army, who has charge of the South African war exhibit at St. Louis. (*Under the Vierkleur*. By Gen. Ben Viljoen. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.)

Another work of fiction, we suppose, is *SEQUIL*—more of the Real Boy's Real Diary. The slang story is evidently finding a large market at the present day, for hardly a magazine or paper can be picked up that does not contain some contribution to this style of literature. Mr. Shute's book stands well in this rather disreputable class. A small boy is made to write in his diary the course of his daily life. There is a good deal of philosophizing among the lines, unconscious on the boy's part, but making the book worth the time spent in reading it. (*Sequil*. By H. A. Shute. Boston: The Everett Press.)

EARLY HEBREW STORY consists of a series of lectures delivered by Dr. Peters, rector of St. Michael's Church, New York, before the Bangor Theological Seminary. The author combines a thorough knowledge of biblical exegesis with a happy faculty for giving clear expression to his thought. The book is constructive in character, aiming to evolve a comprehensive theory of the origin of the stories of creation, Eden, the flood and the Tower of Babel. A minute and instructive comparison is made between the Hebrew stories of the Pentateuch, and the early Babylonian myths; and the striking similarity is pointed out. In the final chapter entitled, "The Moral Value of Early Hebrew story," the author ceases to treat of the historical legends of the Hebrews comparatively, as he would the folklore of the Egyptians or the Romans, and proceeds to emphasize their moral value to the reader. The chapter closes with these significant words: "So surely as man keeps close to the best that was in his childhood, which, I take it, is of the best that is in his nature altogether, so surely will he from time to time, turning back from other studies and other reading, find new inspiration and new meaning in this wonderful old book of Genesis. It is for this reason that it continues to-day in the Bible, that book which Jewish and Christian generations of religious, thoughtful men have venerated and passed on for the veneration of their successors." (*Early Hebrew Story*. By John P. Peters, D.D. New York; G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The books before us are so divergent in character that we despair of

treating them in any orderly arrangement. From theology we leap to a discussion of bridge whist. "Badsworth," the author of a well known book on the principles of the game, here defends it in a small pamphlet against various charges. (*A DEFENSE OF BRIDGE*. By "Badsworth." New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

COPYRIGHT CASES AND DECISIONS is a volume prepared with special reference to the needs of publishers and authors, but it is a work suitable also for members of the bar. It contains decisions of the American and British courts, delivered in the last twelve years, and, besides, the text of the United States copyright statutes. (*Copyright Cases and Decisions*. Compiled by A. S. Hamlin. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A number of new editions have been received, including *Trail's SOCIAL ENGLAND*, volume V. With the appearance of the sixth volume this set will be complete. The edition is very handsomely illustrated,—in a manner worthy of the text. Concerning this standard work itself, of which Dr. Trail was editor, it is unnecessary to speak. (*Social England*. Edited by H. D. Trail. Edward VII Edition, Volume V. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A new edition of William McKinley's essay on tariff history is very timely in view of the current political campaign. The late president wrote this book just before his election in 1896. It contains, along with much Republican campaign material, valuable information for every

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American. (THE TARIFF. By William McKinley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

We are delighted to receive *A JOURNEY IN THE SEABOARD SLAVE STATES*, by Frederick Olmsted. The present edition in two volumes contains a sketch of the author by his son, Frederick Olmsted, Jr., and an introduction by William P. Trent. Olmsted work's as a landscape architect was so monumental that his literary efforts are nearly forgotten. But before Central Park was conceived, his name was familiar as a writer on travel. The *Journey in the Seaboard Slave States* first appeared in the form of letters to the *New York Times* in 1856, and it is not only fascinating reading, but valuable historical material. (*A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States*. By F. L. Olmsted. Two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

We have put off as long as possible a confession; however, it must out. We have just made the acquaintance of Maurice Maeterlinck, in a little essay called *OUR FRIEND THE DOG*. When we first picked up the slim green volume, with prettily decorated pages, we experienced awe engendered by the work of one reputed to produce weird forms of literature. We glanced gingerly at the first page, and then, as we closed the book an hour later, sighed that it was finished. We felt friendlier to all dogs; but especially did we know one Pelleas, a bull-pup. (*Our Friend the Dog*. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Reserved for notice later;

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